

A DANGEROUS BUBBLE.



ANOTHER COUNTY HEARD FROM.

MR. FISH (*in the buggy*).—Gittin' so 't ain't safe to drive a sea-horse no more sence these blame' automobiles hev' come on th' scene!

HIS REPLY.

THE MANAGER of a certain theatrical organization, now touring the South, was recently in receipt of the following communication from the proprietor of the public hall in an Arkansas hamlet:

TORPIDVILLE, Ark.,, 1902.

DEAR SIR:—I take my pen in hand to let you know that I've just got your letter asking for open time at my opera house for your aggregation to play "Rip Van Winkle;" and I regret to say that I don't hanker to have you come here at all. I saw that there drama about seventeen years, or such a matter, ago, up in Missouri, and I'm satisfied it would n't make me nor you any money if it was produced here. The simple fact is, that "Rip Van Winkle," with its twenty-years' sleep, is too much like an ortobiography of 'most any of our leading citizens to be regarded as a novelty here. What we need is something that will sorter jar and jinger us up. Now, if you only had a troop of Lady Minstrels, or something like that, I'd say Hooraw; but as it stands, about all I can say is, no more at present from Yours truly,

HOOVER P. YAW,
Mgr. Grand Opera House.

ANTHRACITE COAL can be readily distinguished from bituminous oy the price.

THE POLITICIAN'S VERSION—Be sure you 're right and then get down off the fence.

WHOLESALE REVENGE.

MRS. MEADOW (*at the county fair*).—It's too bad that that Clover woman got the prize for the quilt.

MRS. NOHACEDE (*an unsuccessful exhibitor*).—Oh! I'll get even. My husband has promised to buy her old quilt to use on one of his scarecrows.

THE ROOT OF THE MATTER.

PAT.—An' so yez shtruck fer shorter hours?

MIKE.—Yis. We want each wan to consist av for-ty minutes, begorry!

WE FREELY admit, however, that the tariff does n't shield monopolies any more than monopolies shield the tariff.



BETWEEN TWO FIRES.

SILAS SOBOSS (*to the younger brother*).—Tut! Tut! You should n't cry like that becuz you got to go to school.

THE OLDER BROTHER.—Dat's what I say; an' de worst uv it is, he don't hev ter go.

SILAS SOBOSS.—No?

THE OLDER BROTHER.—Not on yer whiskers! I'm tryin' ter git him ter hook away an' he's dead a-scary!

The Lord's Vineyard is so planted that nobody need consume much time in traveling to and from his work therein.



AT THE COUNTRY CLUB.

OVERTON FIELDS.—There is one waiter here who is quite inattentive.

MISS FOXHALL.—Indeed?

OVERTON FIELDS.—Yes. He neglects to inform you every five minutes that your order will be ready in a second.

HIS HONOR'S PERSPICACITY.

"Ladies," said the Judge, in a voice that was as rasping as the sound of a misguided rat gnawing a file, "if this unseemly levity is repeated I will fine each and every one of you —"

He addressed the fair spectators who had been greeting with appreciative giggles every allegation offered by the dainty and dimpled suppliant for a divorce.

"—the price of a new hat!"

FOR INSTANCE.

IKEY.—Fader, vot do dey mean by "a lofdy ideal?"

HIS FATHER.—Vell, it might be an ambition to own von of dem dvendy-five shtory build-ings.

WHEN WOMAN VOTES.

"Mrs. Ballotbox has a Presidential bee in her bonnet."

"Well, that will make it an expensive piece of millinery."



SLIGHTLY TARDY.

THE MANAGER.—We *did* have a vacancy, but you're too late.

THE APPLICANT.—Too late?

THE MANAGER.—Yes, Ma'am—about fifteen or twenty years too late!

PROGRESS HAS BEEN MADE.

"During the Revolution some people melted silver plate and moulded it into bullets."

"Yes. It was an inexpensive sort of ammunition compared with that in use now."

WHERE HE MISSED IT.

SHE.—How did he come to marry his ideal?

HE.—He thought she had money.

DIFFIDENT.

"She seems quite robust."

"Oh, yes! She imagines she has n't the constitution to be an invalid, you know."

THE FOOTSTEPS of our forefathers have been followed in so much, and by such crude, sloppy statesmen, that it is not always easy to decide which way they point, any more.

PUCK

THE LAST NOVEL.

THE RECENT prophecy of Jules Verne, that the novel would be supplanted by the newspaper, has caused that well-known writer to be branded as a literary heretic in the bookish circles of both hemispheres. Unorthodox he certainly is. But to say that he is entirely wrong would be to combat heresy with fanaticism.

That the novel, as we know it, will eventually become extinct, like the epic poem, there is but little doubt. M. Verne's error lay in stating that the novel would be supplanted by the newspaper, when the fact is it will perish from malnutrition.

The passion for condensation, characteristic of our times, has gone to such an extent that already the average novel is about half as long as it was fifty years ago. Indeed, the same story which even thirty years ago would have been told in a hundred-thousand words is boiled down to fifteen or twenty thousand. The two and three-volume novel has gone to stay. "The shorter the better!" cries the editor of a great "tabloid" magazine; and the motto is applied to novels as well as short stories.

With the painful condensation has come a feverish thirst for incident. Every page must bristle with adventure. The reader does not feel that he is getting his money's-worth unless he gets at least five separate thrills out of each chapter—say two hundred thrills for \$1.10, as some malcontent has tersely put it.

The last novel will probably make its appearance about the year 2102. By that time the average length of such productions will be something like five hundred words. It is needless to add that they will no longer be sold in the stores, but will be given away with advertisements of soap and other commodities. I have just received the very-much-in-advance sheets of this work, and, since it is very short, I am able to give it in full.

RED OXIDE.

A Romance of the Twentieth Century.

By RICHARD MOTORMAN.

CHAPTER I.

Newport. Flannel-trousered August, gorgeous with mobes and millions. Alice Bromley, briefly bathing-suited, crimson-collared, tripping daintily into the salt surf.

"Help!"

Is there no one to save?

Arthur Stringholt, young, handsome, insolvent, plunges into the brine. His manly arms battle with the gulfy crashers. She grips him fiercely.

Will both be lost?
Blasted Turnip Biscuit
are the best for breakfast.

CHAPTER II.

A drifting plank—a last mighty effort. Then the dry land. Arthur Stringholt has saved the life of the beautiful Alice Bromley, daughter of the proud ham-packer. She is unconscious, her arms still clasp- ing his neck.

Have you tried Winslow's Teething Rings?

HIS PREVIOUS LINE.

"And what did you do before you were blind?"
"Before I was blind? Why, I believe I was deaf an' dumb."

CHAPTER III.

"Oh, joy! Oh, despair! Can it be that she loves me?"

He picked up a postal.

"Your note of acceptance—"

Three successive toddies failed to brace him

Try Threaded Oats. They're delicious!

CHAPTER IV.

"I will ruin you and put you through bankruptcy!"

So spake the white-vested, smooth-shaven E. Truman Dabbleworth, flourishing Arthur's note.

"Ass!" cried Arthur, springing at the other's throat. "You love her, yourself!"

Petroleum Soap removes freckles.

CHAPTER V.

Fifteen paces.

"One,—two,—three!—Fire!"

Dabbleworth falls, wounded in the leg.

Luckily, it is a cork leg.

CHAPTER VI.

"Good-by, dear heart! Good-by, forever!"

CHAPTER VII.

In the wilds of the Sierras, one October morning, stood

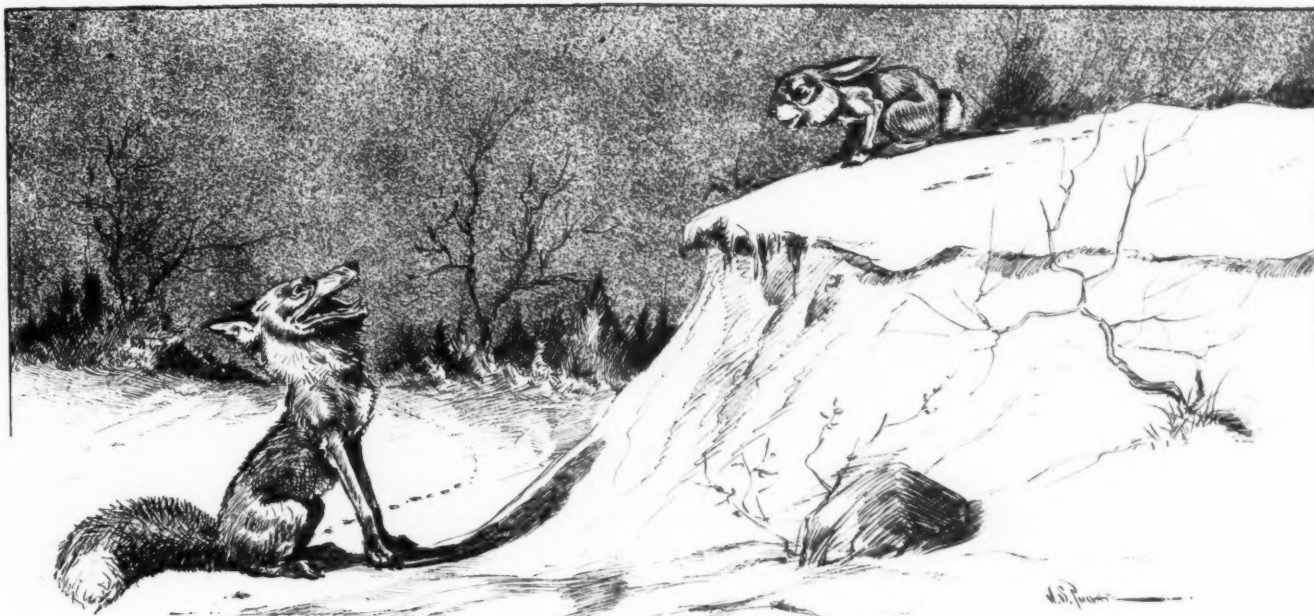


PROFESSIONAL JEALOUSY.

THE WAITER.—What news is this? Captain Kidd hath taken another treasure ship?

THE PIRATE.—Ay, curse him for a bloated monopolist! He's doing all the business!

PUCK



THEY EXCHANGE VIEWS.

THE FOX.—There's nothing I like better than a rabbit!

THE RABBIT.—And there's nothing I like better than a rabbit—especially this rabbit!

Arthur Stringholt, woodsman. Like one of the old gods he seemed, his rifle slung across his broad shoulders.

Who is that by the side of him?

It is Stonyfeller, Duke of Oil. One word from him is worth a million dollars.

What is that dark object lying between the two men?

It is a deer. Had it not been for Arthur, the Duke would never have bagged it.

Eat White Pine Flakes.

CHAPTER VIII.

"I like you," said the Duke. "You have the face of a man who has played with high stakes and lost. Take this."

It was a check for \$5,000.

"Buy Colorado Pacific," whispered the Duke, as they parted.

CHAPTER IX.

Colorado Pacific rose 80 points.

CHAPTER X.

Fifth Avenue in sunlit April. Not least among the splendid equipages spins the haughty-mobile of Arthur Stringholt, member of the Stock Exchange. Beside him sits the beautiful Alice Bromley, her engagement solitaire flashing in the sun.

With one hand he guides the fiery machine.

The other hand holds hers.

Where does the Red Oxide come in? Take Ware's Iron Tonic and find out.

But the novel has a long lease of life yet.

The fact is, it is rather surprising that M. Verne's article should have been taken so seriously. The newspaper will not, and indeed can not, supply the place of the well-constructed, well-written tale. If the novel is supplanted at all, it will be by the stage, which furnishes the same or kindred entertainment in return for a less expenditure of mental effort.

William Hurd Hollyer.



HOPE.

FAIR CLIENT.—But, after all, the letters seem unimportant.

LAWYER.—Well, I'll go over them again, Ma'am. Sometimes it takes a smart man to write an unimportant letter.

ONE TROUBLE with the pursuit of happiness is that other people do get in the way.

AS FAR as this world is concerned, a spotless character is often worth less than the ability to arrange the spots artistically.

WE SOMETIMES wonder if Providence has anything to do with there being in almost every boarding-house a boarder who can play gospel hymns on the mouth-organ.

When you pay the price of success you do not always get as much change as you expected.

PUCK

THE WISE SIRE.

COME HITHER, my child, come and sit on my knee
Till I tell you as well as I can
About all these wonderful things which we see
That appeal to the reason of man.
From our home on the earth we see many a star,
And a sun that makes golden the sky,
But you are so young you don't know what
they are
And, candidly, neither do I.

They are really too much for your poor little brain,
Are the puzzles you're certain to meet;
Why is one flower spotted, another one plain?
What makes the fruit sour or sweet?
What keeps the sun shining? What causes the tides?
What holds all the planets on high?
You've found for these questions, and many besides,
No answer, and neither have I.

Which first had its being, the egg or the hen?
Solve that puzzle for me, if you please.
Did men spring from monkeys or monkeys from men?
Oh! All such grave matters as these
Are, truly, too deep for a youngster like you
To solve though you earnestly try,
For I never have met anybody that knew
Their answers, and neither do I.

In short, my dear child, though your papa is wise
As most other men, he has found
That while to acquire much learning he tries,
His wisdom is not so profound.
I boast a good deal and I make quite a show
Of my poor little portion of brains,
But down in my heart I'm aware that I know
Just enough to come in when it rains.

Nixon Waterman.

LUXURY.

ALICE.—Uncle Gabe, what would you do if you had a million dollars?

UNCLE GABE.—Well, I doan rightly know, li'l missy; but ef I had a milyun dollahs I believe I'd git my ol' shoes half-soled.

DIAMOND MAY cut diamond, and that is all. It is not permitted diamonds to invite each other to large 5 o'clocks.



HIS ONLY FAILING.

GLADYS.—He is as bright as a dollar

ETHEL.—Yes; if he was only as easy to get rid of he'd be all right.

THE COAL PROBLEM IN THE SUBURBS.

MR. BORROWALL (*of Lonelyville*).—But, surely, you don't expect four tons of coal to last you all Winter!

MR. ISOLATE (*of Dwindlehurst*).—Oh, yes! The hired man who runs my furnace used to be janitor of a Harlem flat.

THAT HYMN could be made more attractive to the average school-boy by making it run, "Every day 'll be Saturday by-and-by."



WITH THE MACBOOTH-RANTINGTON COMPANY.

THE SOUBRETTE.—There goes his name. He expects to wake up some day and find it famous.

THE ACTOR.—Well, may be he'll wake up some day!

(Next town—Knox Knob.)



PUCK

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CARTOONS AND COMMENTS.

PHILANTHROPY SANS SENSE.

GRADUALLY, throughout the land, Carnegie libraries are rising. In the case of some, the walls are barely complete. In the case of others, the taxpayers are still saving up to meet the conditions, "gifts" being such expensive luxuries. In the case of a majority, however, substantial progress is reported, so the outlook, as a whole, is not disheartening. The truck driver whose higher culture financial difficulties have retarded, need only wait a little longer and the treasures of literature will be his for nothing. The subway mortar mixer at the same time may satisfy his craving for Belles Lettres, while he whose task keeps him all day at a desk will be able to give up his Saturday night variety show and substitute a reading course in ethical development—free of all cost to the consumer. After the truck driver and the mortar mixer have advanced sufficiently in Mr. Carnegie's library, Mr. Rockefeller's university will be ready and willing to instruct them further. Their children? Ah! To be sure, we had forgotten. Truck drivers and mortar mixers do have children, it is true. Well, even so, their place is in the public school. Is it? Not in New York. The right to education may be inalienable but the place is lacking. And yet, notwithstanding the deplorably inadequate school accommodations, which doom poor children to the street or to child labor, New York City is pledged to expend large sums annually for fancy education. Where, meanwhile, is the modern philanthropist? Right in front of the grand stand. With enough money at his disposal to make philanthropy a reality instead of a fad, he gives marble dormitories to already rich colleges, burdens them with memorial windows or adds to their curriculum, with a burst of liberality, a chair of Thibetan philosophy. Thus, publicly and privately, the top rungs of the educational ladder are reinforced, while those of the bottom rounds go to splinters. As for the man whose sole conception of a public need centres in

the word "library," a course of practical observation is recommended to him among the poor of any large city. There considerable enlightenment is waiting for him and for others of his ilk. Free libraries and free universities are excellent institutions, beyond doubt, but those who need most a helping hand, they benefit least, if at all. Books, likewise, are blessings in binding, but a building full of books, with no teachers to explain, advise or to guide the untrained mind in study, will be just about as useful as a school of pupils only. The person who distributes a thousand dollars judiciously, taking care that every dollar brings its face value to some one in need, is far more of a philanthropist, in the public estimation, than he who gives recklessly from his surplus to "them that hath." For a beginner in the philanthropist business, the prime requisite is horse sense. Money, of course, is another requisite, but it is better to give away horse sense without money than money without horse sense. The late Peter Cooper had both and before their certified checks go merrily forth for a college dormitory, a memorial window, a chair of advanced assinology or a marble library, would-be philanthropists should consult his example. And they will find no strings to Cooper's philanthropy, either.

AS TO COM- BINATIONS.

PITY, we beg, the perplexed American. He is tackling the Trust problem, and the harder he tackles it the less he grasps it. Of course, he reads with diligence, and reading thus, he finds that trusts are good and bad, beneficent and iniquitous, "a God-send to the country" and the curse of the age. Reconciling these statements is about as easy as "harmonizing" William Jennings Bryan. The tariff is the mother of trusts. Trusts and the tariff have nothing in common. The only practical way to trust regulation is through a constitutional amendment. Of all ways to curb the trusts constitutional amendment is the most impracticable. Contradiction, consternation, conglomeration! And then, after all this, there comes the pleasing person who asks: "What are trusts? We must be careful lest we confound them with something else"—a corner grocery or a livery stable, for example. Indeed, the fear that some innocent concern will be mistaken for a trust, held up and robbed in the dark, is disturbing Republicans constantly. Something else is disturbing the rest of us: the so-called trust remedy. Up to date, most of the remedies proposed have been strictly homeopathic and sugar-coated, constitutional amendment and a non-partisan tariff commission being the main cures suggested. It is strange that in an age of combination, such as this, no one has advocated a combination of remedies. Into this, as one powerful ingredient, might be placed President Roosevelt's publicity scheme. That, certainly, would have a desirable effect, particularly on over-capitalized companies with thoroughly saturated stock. In many cases—and it will scarcely be denied—high tariff schedules enable such concerns to pay dividends on fiction, the American consumer providing the cash. Therefore judicious tariff reform is justified. Add to these remedial properties a vigorous enforcement of existing commerce laws and the trust evil cure may inspire confidence. If combination wrong is to be fought, combination right should fight it.

THE ARMING OF THE KNIGHT.



THE good knight donned his moleskin pants
All caned and padded true;
His shoulder-cap he bandaged well,
His jersey on he drew,
His sleeveless jacket and his hose,
And laced his cleated shoe.

"What, ho! Adjust my ankle-brace,
That I may fearless tread.
And belt me round; and settle firm
My harness on my head.
My shin guards buckle carefully,
And bind my wrist," he said.

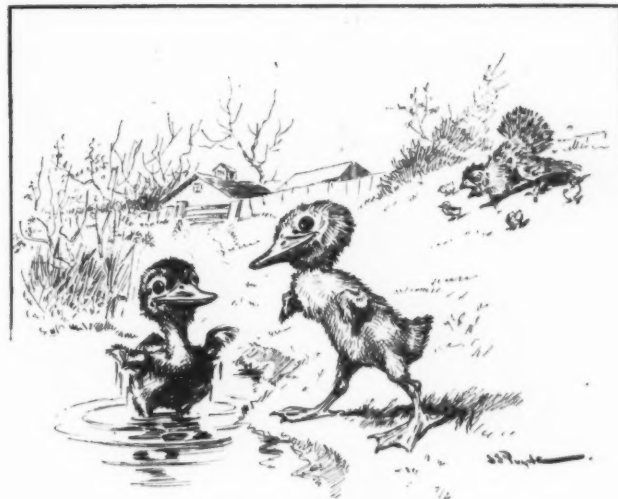
He took a suck of lemon, straight;
Slipped on his sweater gay;
His nose-mask fitted to his face,
And stood in full array.
And breathing joy and liniment
Forth went to join the fray.

Edwin L. Sabin.

DRUG ON THE MARKET.

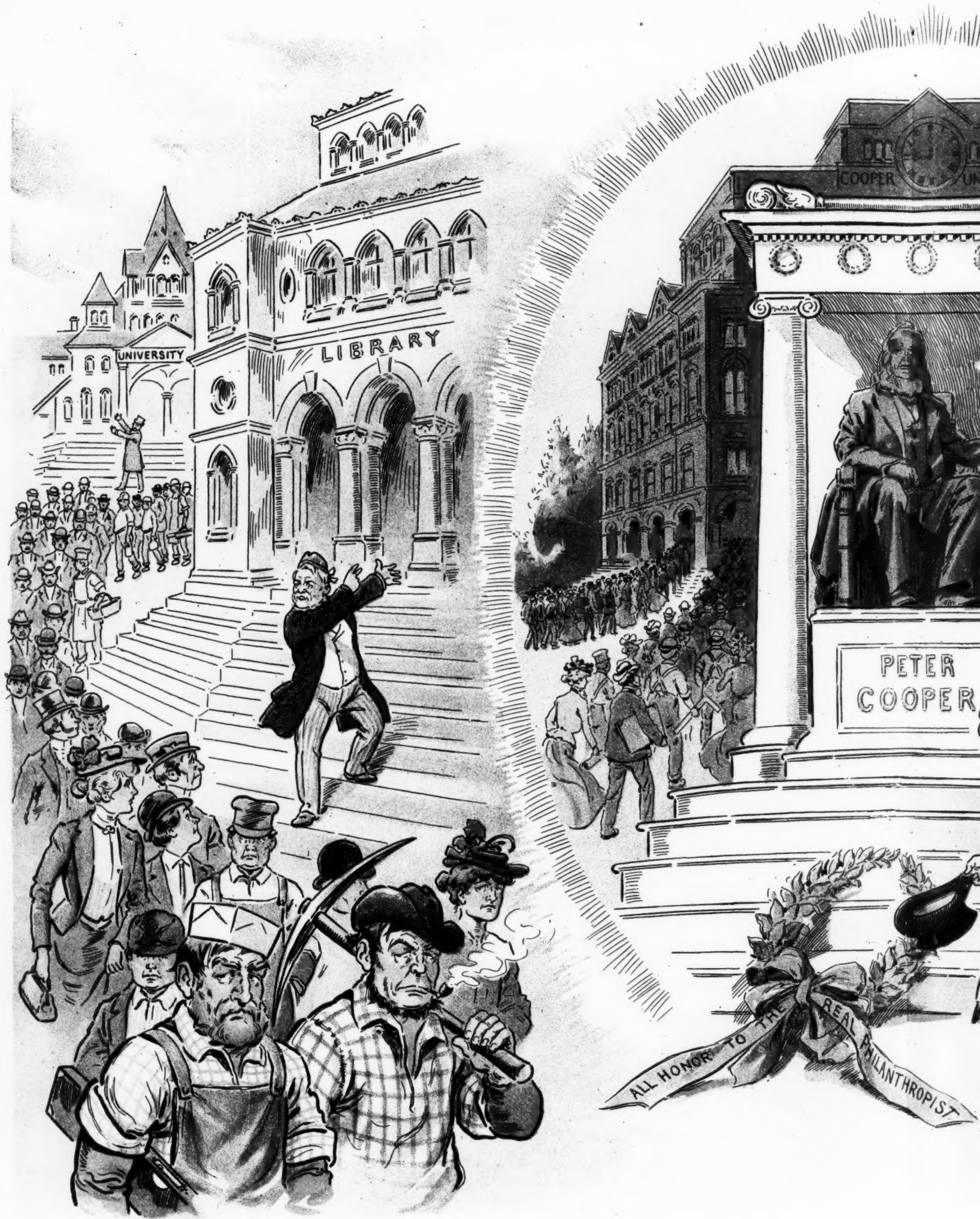
COLLECTOR.—Now, here's a rare autograph letter, signed. It begins: "I deeply regret to say—"

FRIEND.—I should n't call that rare! That's from some famous English general.



AN ADVANTAGE.

DAMON DUCKLING.—I was hatched by an incubator.
PYTHIAS DUCKLING.—I think they're better than
hens. They don't kick when you want to go swimming!



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WHICH OUR MULTI-MILLIONAIRE PHILANTHROPISTS MIGH



COOPER'S EXAMPLE,
ANTHROPISTS MIGHT FOLLOW WITH GOOD RESULTS.

ELEMENTARY EDUCATION, THE NECESSITY.

PUCK



VERY SIMILAR.

BOBBY.—I know why they call the trusts "infant industries," Pop!
FATHER.—Why, my son?
BOBBY.—'Cause they want to grab everything in sight, just like our baby.

BALLADE OF THE BATH.



WHEN startled by the alarm clock's clarion call,
I rouse me in the misty dawn's gray light,
And from my "top-floor-back" streak down the hall
To with a plunge my sluggish wits excite—
It grieves me sorely that some earlier wight,
Who in the realms below his being bath,
Quick turns the tap into his own tub, white,
And leaves me with no water for my bath.

From out the airshaft's depths I hear the fall
Of the spatt'ring shower, and hear it briskly smite
The form of him who doth me thus forestall—
While I, in gayly-flowing robe bedight,
Dance in impotent rage at my sad plight.
Small profit have I from my glowing wrath—
The demon dallies there in pure delight,
And leaves me with no water for my bath.

In vain I madly thump upon the wall;
To combat vainly I may him invite;
Adown the airshaft I may loudly bawl,
And all my woes and deadly threats recite—
The octopus refuses to take fright,
Disdains the fiercely promised aftermath,
Ignores both me and ruthless Time's fast flight,
And leaves me with no water for my bath.

ENVOI.

Landlady, downstairs will I move to-night,
Unto the basement will I make my path,
The aristocrat below doth me despise,
And leaves me with no water for my bath.

Herbert Grissom.



A FAIR EXCHANGE.

EDITOR (*Squashville News*).—See here, Mr. Dolan! You delivered me a load of hay for the six years' subscription you owed for my paper.

MR. DOLAN.—Oi did!

EDITOR.—Well, my horse won't eat that hay, b' gosh!

MR. DOLAN.—Well, my goat won't eat your paper, be gobs!

The statute books are dormitories in which many laws go to sleep.

SOME POPULAR PARLOR GAMES.



AS WINTER approaches, with its long evenings, the desirability becomes apparent of procuring for the home circle the rules of a number of games with which a friendly gathering or the family itself may be entertained and amused. These games should neither be complicated nor those demanding elaborate and costly outfits. Rather should preference be given to pastimes requiring but a few simple rules. And if any paraphernalia be required it should be that which may be readily improvised from the furnishings of the humblest household. These are the diversions that occupied the leisure moments of our fathers, and it is with the hope of interesting in them the younger generation that the following games are described.

A very pleasing pastime with which to entertain an impromptu gathering is the amusing game of "Generalmiles." The rules are simple.

One of the players, preferably a gentleman, is selected to act as "Generalmiles," or, as the children say, "It." The "Generalmiles" is then led into a separate room and blindfolded, while those assembled in the parlor provide themselves with pokers, tongs, fire-shovels, brooms, or any implements with which a smart blow may be struck. All being ready, the "Generalmiles" is propelled violently into the midst of the assemblage and the fun begins. The object is to see who can hit the "Generalmiles" the hardest, and the player succeeding in striking him the most severe blow is declared the winner and has the privilege of acting as "Generalmiles" for the next time.

A somewhat similar pastime, suitable for those desiring something of a less boisterous nature, is the game of "Admiralschley." In this game, the "Admiralschley" is blindfolded as above; but the players merely shout various epithets, such as "liar," "caitiff," "coward," "poltroon," and the like. That player using the most opprobrious epithet and at the same time yelling the loudest, wins the game.

Another interesting and instructive form of amusement is the game of "Emperor-bill-hohenzollern," and here the advantage is not altogether with the players, but rather with that individual selected to act as "Emperorbill," as the chief player is styled. The rules of this game are as follows: The signal being given, the "Emperorbill" retires to an adjacent apartment, where he fills his pockets with paper-weights or any convenient articles, the idea being to render himself as ponderous as possible. Meanwhile, the players in the parlor prostrate themselves in a circle with their necks outstretched to the greatest possible length. The "Emperorbill" then enters and walks around the room, being careful to tread only upon the necks of the prostrate players.

It should be the object of the "Emperorbill" to come down as heavily as possible upon the outstretched necks, whilst the player making the least amount of outcry is adjudged the winner and has the next turn as "Emperorbill."

A little ingenuity will suggest many other equally entertaining games. Modifications of some of the old and well-known games may be also made, thus rendering them fresh and up-to-date. Among these, we would suggest, "Roosevelt, Roosevelt, who's got the nomination," a new version of the time-honored, "Button, button;" "Oompaul," a revised form of the old game of "Consequences;" "South American Revolution," or "Clap in and clap out," modernized; and "Odell says thumbs up," which is nothing more nor less than a diversification of the ancient nursery game with which in former years every child was familiar.

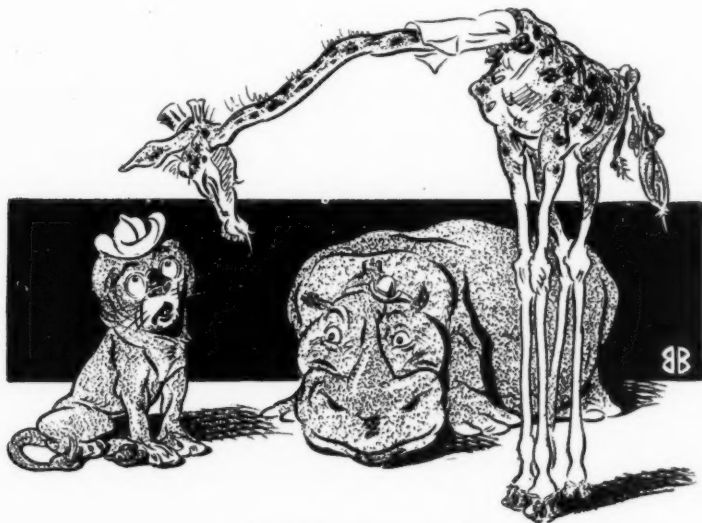
Will S. Adkins.

THE LIMIT OF EXTRAVAGANCE.

HENRIQUES.—The Newtorks have sold their gasoline automobile.

OTTINGER.—Yes. I understand they are having one made that will burn hard coal.

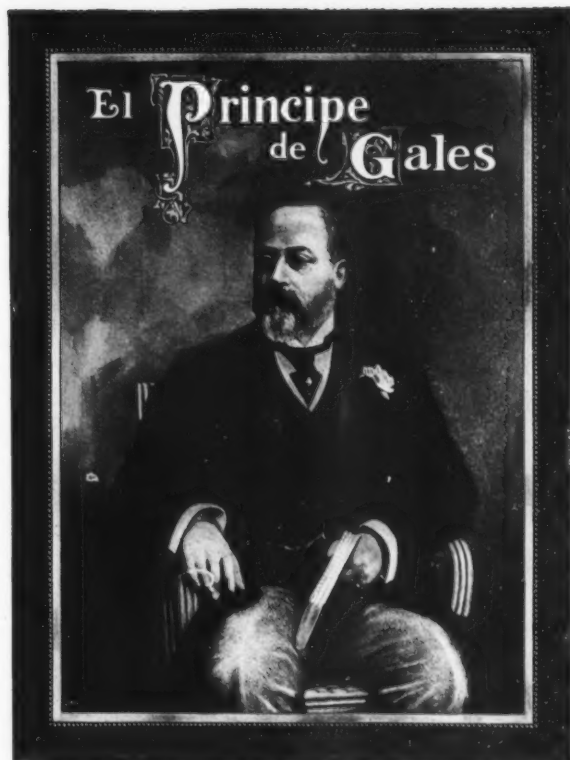
MONEY may or may not make the mayor go; but it certainly makes the police step right along without making any embarrassing investigations.



PLENTY OF ROOM.

THE LION.—You say you and the Hippo are living in the same Harlem flat-house. How is that possible?

THE GIRAFFE.—Oh! Easy enough. You see, I live in the airshaft and Hippo, here, in the backyard.



NOW KING
OF HAVANA CIGARS

Made in Havana and Tampa.



A CORONATION ODE.

How often in a cigar store, a restaurant or bar,
You hear that foolish question, "Have you got a good cigar?"
Of course the man will NOT say "NO, I only wish I had,
But the kind I vend you 'll find, my friend, are very, very bad!"
Instead of that he 'll answer "Sure! I keep the finest brands!"
And the kind that pays him best to sell he straight out to you hands.
He's not in business for his health, he sees you are not wise,
And when you light the awful weed the tears come to your eyes.
It matters not how much you pay, a quarter or a nickel,
The chance is ten to one you get a dried and bitter pickle.
And serve you right, you should have known the kind that never fails
To give you joy without alloy—EL PRINCIPE DE GALES.

See that you ALWAYS ask for it and thank your lucky stars,
EL PRINCIPE DE GALES is still The King of Good Cigars!

QUEER.

"When two men start swearing at each other it's usually called 'a stream of abuse.' Funny, is n't it?"

"What's so funny about it?"

"Why, you'd think so much 'damming' would stop the stream, but it's just the opposite."—*Philadelphia Press.*

"SEE here, John! This automobile of mine looks as if it had had some pretty lively usage. You did n't have it out while I was away, did you?"

"Why, yes, sor, I did! I was afraid it would git shtiff shtanding in the shtable so long, an' so I gave it a little lively exercise, d' ye moind, every plesint day."—*Cleveland Plain Dealer.*

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can be made

Egyptian
Deities

Cork Tips as well

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3 TRAINS DAILY

Established 1823.

WILSON WHISKEY.

That's All!

THE WILSON DISTILLING CO., Baltimore, Md.

NO HELP FOR IT.

"Pa," said little Willy, who was reading the evening paper, "what does 'Gas Trust' mean?"

"Gas Trust, my son," replied the father, "means, for one thing, the absolute confidence we are compelled to have in the meter."—*Philadelphia Press.*



ANOTHER TRICK.

THE INDIAN.—Ugh! Heap fresh cat! Playin' hide-an'-seek wit' me, hey, boy?

THE COUGAR.—Ha! Ha! Not exactly that pastime, Reddy. I should say that, at present, you were high Lo and I'm the game!

Health of body and strength of mind are represented in Abbott's, the Original Angostura Bitters—the best known tonic for blood and nerves. All druggists.

When you go out fishing, a few bottles of Cook's Imperial Extra Dry Champagne will relieve the monotony.

HIS EXPLANATION.

"Brother Williams, did you ever sell a vote?"

"No, suh; but I hez many a time found a dollar whar de wise canderdates lost it!"—*Atlanta Constitution.*

"WHERE did Bixby go on his wedding journey?"

"He went to southern Egypt."

"At this time of the year? Why, it's blistering hot there!"

"Yes; but, you know, he married a Boston girl."—*Cleve. Plain Dealer.*

"Ah got no use fo' de man," said Charcoal Eph, as he finished reading the paper, "dat lick his wife wid er club an' den go out an' rub de sweat off'n his mule's back. But dey's er lot ob dem, Mistah Jackson."—*Baltimore News.*

Fully Ripe

Made from the choicest of selected Rye, and distilled under every precaution, insuring the highest nutrient quality



Hunter Baltimore Rye

Undergoes thorough ageing before it is sold, and in this state of fullest development it is the perfection of Rye Whiskey.

It is particularly recommended to women because of its age and excellence.

Sold at all first-class cafes and by Jobbers. WM. LANAHAN & SON, Baltimore, Md.

Dr. Kilmer's SWAMP-ROOT

Is not recommended for everything; but if you have kidney, liver or bladder trouble it will be found just the remedy you need. Sold by druggists everywhere in fifty cent and dollar sizes. You may have a sample bottle of this great kidney remedy sent free by mail, also a pamphlet telling all about Swamp-Root and its great cures. Address, Dr. Kilmer & Co., Binghamton, N. Y., and say that you read this in Puck.



ED. PINAUD'S Eau de Quinine is the best Hair Restorative known. It preserves the hair from parasitic attacks, tones up the hair bulbs, cleanses the scalp and positively removes dandruff.

ED. PINAUD'S Eau de Quinine is also a most excellent hair dressing. The sweet and refined odor which it leaves in the hair makes it a toilet luxury.

Sold Everywhere.

4 oz. bottles, 50c. 8 oz. bottles, \$1.00

BENEDICT BROTHERS, JEWELERS.

Fine Watches, Diamonds and Rich Jewelry.

WASHINGTON LIFE INSURANCE BUILDING,

141 BROADWAY,

Corner of Liberty St., N. Y.

Try Our Patent Collar Button.

The Best Artists

Decorate your home if you use "Pittsburg Wall Papers." Our book will aid your selection—or ask your dealer. Book free. The Pittsburg Wall Paper Co., New Brighton, Pa.

San Francisco—Four Days from New York or Boston—By New York Central.

Purity is Free

Schlitz beer costs the same as common beer, so that purity is free to you.

Yet purity costs us as much as the beer itself.

It requires absolute cleanliness. It compels us to filter even the air that cools the beer. Then we carefully filter the beer, and sterilize every bottle after it is sealed.

And the beer must be aged for months in a temperature of 34 degrees, for otherwise the beer would cause biliousness.

Don't let your dealer decide which beer you shall drink, for he makes most on the common kinds.

Ask for Schlitz, for purity means healthfulness, yet that purity is free.

Not a beverage known to man is more healthful than beer, if it's pure.

Barley-malt and hops—a half-digested food and a tonic.

Your doctor says the weak must have it. Why not the strong?

But don't drink a germ-laden beer, when Schlitz is sold everywhere.

Ask for the brewery bottling.



It is safer to trust your eyes than your ears when a man argues religion while his wife carries in the water.—*Ram's Horn.*

The "Big Four" Of the People Operated For the People And Recognized By the People

As the standard passenger line of the Central States, 2,500 miles of railway in Ohio-Indiana-Illinois Kentucky and Michigan Through Sleepers between

New York } And { Cincinnati
Boston } } Chicago
Washington } } St. Louis

Finest Day Coaches Ever Built.

Write for folders.

Warren J. Lynch, W. P. Deppe,
Gen'l Pass. & Tkt. Agt. Asst. Gen'l P. & T. A.
CINCINNATI, OHIO.

IN THE CAMPAIGN.

"Uncle William, what is your opinion of politics?"

"I dunno, suh. De las' time I had dealin' wid it, it only gimme a dollar fer two votes; so I wonders what politics' opinion is of me!"—*Atlanta Constitution.*

HERE is our experience: When eggs are dear, the hens lay them over at the neighbor's, and when they are cheap, they lay them at home.—*Atchison Globe.*

HENRY LINDENMEYR & SONS, PAPER WAREHOUSE,

39, 34 and 36 Bleecker Street, NEW YORK.
BRANCH WAREHOUSE: 20 Beekman Street.
All kinds of Paper made to order.



Keeley Cure

Alcohol, Opium, Drug Using.

The disease yields easily to the Double Chloride of Gold Treatment as administered at these KEELEY INSTITUTES. Communications confidential. Write for particulars.

WHITE PLAINS, N. Y.
BUFFALO, N. Y.
LEXINGTON, MASS.
PROVIDENCE, R. I.
WEST HAVEN, CONN.

WILLIAMS' SHAVING SOAP

SHAVING AND HAIR DRESSING

WILLIAMS SHAVING SOAP USED HERE



"YES—

this is the shop I am looking for. Here I am sure of a safe, refreshing shave. Moreover, I never knew a barber who used Williams' soap, who wasn't a first-class barber.

"I am not 'taking chances' on shaving soap, for I realize the danger of 'cheap soaps.'"

Barbers who consider the safety and welfare of their patrons, always use Williams' Shaving Soap.

THE J. B. WILLIAMS' CO., Glastonbury, Conn., U. S. A.
LONDON PARIS DRESDEN SYDNEY

YEAST.—I saw a picture in the paper, the other day, of the lyre of Thomas Moore, the Irish poet.

CRIMSONBEAK.—Oh! Then he had a press agent, too?—*Yonkers Statesman.*

BOKER'S BITTERS

In plain or sweetened Carbonic Waters makes a delicious Summer drink.

A WALKER.

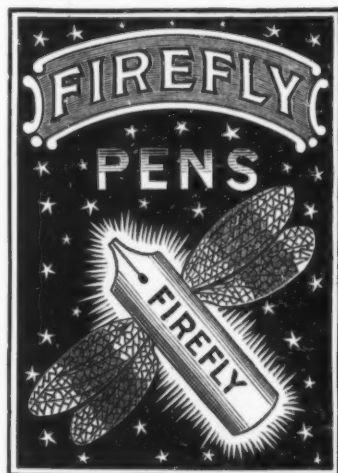
"You say you walk a great deal?"

"Yes," answered Mr. Stormington Barnes.

"When you are playing golf?"

"Sometimes when I am playing golf and sometimes when I am playing Hamlet."—*Washington Star.*

WE HAVE noticed that when a man occupies the centre of a room, and amuses the crowd, you will find his wife off in one corner disgusted.—*Atchison Globe.*



Registered design of box label.

FIREFLY PENS are made of a new incorrodible metal—flexible as gold.

THEY GIVE CHARACTER TO ONE'S WRITING.

MANUFACTURED BY

ORMISTON & GLASS, LONDON.

CONTRACTORS TO H. M. GOVERNMENT.

Boxes 25 cts. and \$1.00, from all Stationers.

H. BAINBRIDGE & CO., 99 William St., N. Y.
SOLE AGENTS FOR UNITED STATES.

The Advantages

of Life Insurance are
universally recognized.

The Prudential

with its strong financial
standing and diversified
plans, meets all require-
ments.

Write for particulars of Policies
and Rates. Dept. P.

**The Prudential
Insurance Company
of America**

JOHN F. DRYDEN
President

Home Office
NEWARK, N. J.



Natural Whiskey

Bottled under Government super-
vision direct from the barrel at the
Distillery with its natural flavor,
nothing added to or taken from it.

Old Overholt Rye

The Act of Congress, March 3, 1897, provides that
date of making and of bottling whiskey shall be
plainly printed on the Government Stamp that seals
the bottle. It also prohibits bottling whiskey less than
four years old and provides that all bottles must be
full measure.

Ask your Dealer—or write us—

A. OVERHOLT & CO.
PITTSBURG, PA.

**BOTTLED
IN BOND**



ON THE FRONT PLATFORM.

"Did you notice the queer little movement with which the motorman
works the brake wheel?"

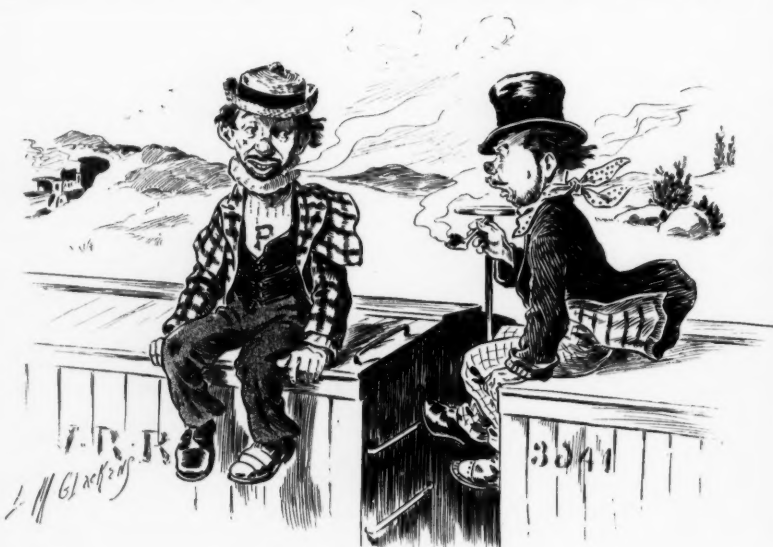
"Yes. You can always tell a Harvard graduate by the movement." —
Cleveland Plain Dealer.

THE FULLNESS OF IT.

REV. GOODMAN.—They tell me you took a little outing on Labor Day.
I suppose you enjoyed it to the full?

R. E. MORSE.—What if I did? I paid my fine, so it's nobody's business.
—*Philadelphia Press.*

"DAR ain' much use in ahgufyin!" said Uncle Eben. "Ef you doesn'
give in, de yuthuh feller gets mad; an' if you does, you stops de conversation."
—*Washington Star.*



LOOKING FORWARD.

WEARY WILLY.—Dey 've invented machines ter do most every-
t'ing, Jack.

JOGGING JACK.—Yes; I 'spect some genius will invent a machine
purty quick dat 'll dodge jobs and ride on de trucks of freight cars.

Brain and brawn benefited with a tonic which aids
digestion—Abbott's, the Original Angostura Bitters,
are noted for their digestive properties. All druggists.



**CHEW
BEEMAN'S
The Original
Pepsin Gum**
Cures Indigestion
and Sea-sickness.
ALL OTHERS ARE
IMITATIONS.

**FOR MEN OF BRAINS
Cortez CIGARS
—MADE AT KEY WEST—**

These Cigars are manufactured under
the most favorable climatic conditions and
from the mildest blends of Havana to-
bacco. If we had to pay the imported
cigar tax our brands would cost double the
money. Send for booklet and particulars.

CORTEZ CIGAR CO., KEY WEST.



**When you
play with
Bicycle
Playing Cards
you hold
Good Cards.**

Popular price. Sold by dealers.
20 backs. Order by name of back.
Design shown is "Rider" back.

The U. S. Playing Card Co.
Dept. Cincinnati, U. S. A.

CANDID, AT LEAST.

"I suppose," said she, sarcastically,
when he came back to her after the
intermission, "that all you men went
out merely to get your opera glasses."

"No," he replied promptly; "I
think most of us went out for our
rye-glasses." — *Philadelphia Press.*

Shine on!
It not only gives a high, glowing, dur-
able polish to all metals, but the polish
Bar Keeper's Friend
lasts, it will shine on! It benefits all metals, minerals or
wood while cleaning them. 25c 1 lb. box. For sale by drug-
gists and dealers. Send 2c stamp for sample to George
William Hoffman, 295 E. Washington St., Indianapolis, Ind.

"Standard of Highest Merit"

**FISCHER
PIANOS.**
"The embodiment of tone and art."

164 FIFTH AVENUE.
Between 21st and 22nd Streets, New York.

FALLIBILITY.

No one of us can perfect be,
However sage and bright.
Wise men are wrong more frequently
Than chronic fools are right.
—*Philadelphia Press.*

DR. SIEGERT'S ANGOSTURA BITTERS

The World's Best Tonic
Imported from Trinidad B.W.I.

22 GOLD MEDALS

LONDON	1862	LONDON	1886
PHILADELPHIA	1876	BUFFALO	1901
VIENNA	1873	PARIS	1887
CHICAGO	1893		1878
			1900

The Only Genuine

Unrivalled appetizing tonic and stomach corrective, recommended by physicians. Lends an exquisite flavor to champagne, sherry, and all liquors. None genuine except DR. SIEGERT'S. On the market seventy years. Refuse all imitations and substitutes.

J. W. WUPPERMANN, Sole Agent,
New York, N. Y.

Arnold Constable & Co. Carpets.

Lowell Brussels Carpets,
Bigelow Axminster Carpets,
New and specially prepared designs.

Oriental Rugs

for
Libraries, Dining Rooms and Halls,
Designed specially for our Fall trade.

Broadway & 19th St.

NEW YORK



A satisfactory shave depends upon your razor, the condition of your nerves, and the application of a soothing lotion.

Woodbury's Facial Cream



allays all irritation of the skin. After shaving wash the face with Woodbury's Facial Soap; then apply the cream. It is quickly absorbed, not oily nor sticky, leaves skin clean, smooth and healthy.

Sold by dealers. 25 cents.
Trial package of soap and cream for 5 cents to pay postage.
THE ANDREW JERGENS CO., Sole Agts., Dept. 56, Cincinnati, O.

APPROPRIATE.

CALLER.—What's your new office-boy's name?

CLERK.—Norman.

CALLER.—I thought I heard you calling him "Woman."

CLERK.—Yes; we call him that because it fits him better. You see, his work is never done.—*Phila. Press.*

OPIUM

and Liquor Habit Cured without inconvenience or detention from business. Write THE DR. J. L. STEPHENS CO., Dept. 1. 1. Lebanon, Ohio.

"when you do drink, drink Trimble"

"Here's Health and Good Cheer
To all those who are here,
May health, love and joy now possess them.
May the battle of life
Be to them void of strife;
Here's a health to our friends and God bless them."

A pure rye,
10 years old, aged
by time,
not artificially.

Trimble

Whiskey
Green Label.

Sole Proprietors,
WHITE, HENTZ & CO.,
Phila. & New York.
ESTABLISHED 1793.

AT ALL FIRST-CLASS DEALERS.

IN PRACTICE.

"They tell me Mamie is awfully clevah at problems."

"She ought to be. She takes in all the problem plays."—*Cleveland Plain Dealer.*



HIS EVERLASTING REGRET.

FARMER DUNK.—It's just three weeks since Deacon Flintrock's death, and I hear that the lawsuit he'd been carryin' on so long was decided in his favor yesterday, and there's 'most \$1,400 comin' to him;—that is, 't would if he were livin'.

FARMER WHIFFLETREE.—By swanny! The deacon won't never git over bein' sorry he did n't hold on for a spell longer.

Harper Rye

"On Every Tongue."

Scientifically distilled; naturally aged; absolutely pure.
Best and safest for all uses.

BERNHEIM BROS., Distillers, - - Louisville, Ky.

When you want a beverage that will satisfy you from the ground up, order a bottle of

EVANS' ALE



You'll also learn the reason why Ale drinking is now so general.

GOLD SEAL

AMERICA'S BEST
CHAMPAGNE

THE MOST
POPULAR
AMERICAN
WINE.

EQUAL
TO THE
BEST
IMPORTED
AT
ONE-HALF THE PRICE.

URBANA WINE CO.
URBANA, N.Y.

Meeting of American Bankers Association, New Orleans.

For Meeting of American Bankers Association at New Orleans, November 11th to 13th, the Pennsylvania Railroad will sell tickets from all stations on line east of Pittsburgh and Erie via Pittsburgh or Washington, November 8th to 10th, good for return passage, within 11 days, date of sale included, at reduced rates.

By depositing ticket with Joint Agent at New Orleans on or before November 18th and payment of 50 cents the return limit will be extended to November 30th.

Milo

The

Egyptian Cigarette of Quality

AROMATIC DELICACY
MILDNESS
PURITY

At your club or dealer's

AN INGENIOUS EVASION.

"Did you know that your political antagonist had cast reflections on your truth and veracity?"

"Yes."

"What are you going to do about it?"

"Nothing. My pride forbids me to fight anyone except a gentleman. And a man who calls another a liar is no gentleman.—*Washington Star.*"



THE ONLY IMPROVEMENT.

"T is a foine game, is n't it, Murphy?"
 "Faith, it is! I dunno how it cud be any foiner, unless they had shillalehs!"